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BROWN, JONES & CO.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE
CROSSES,
HEADSTONES AND COLUMNS
in Stock.
Prices moderate. Work Promptly Done.
340 Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best Remedy for acidity of the Stomach.

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A. S. WATSON & CO., LIMITED.

SEEDS.

We have received from S.S. Bassett our first shipment for this season of
VEGETABLE

AND
FLOWER SEEDS,

and are now prepared to execute orders promptly.

CATALOGUES containing numbers and names of Seeds, with

HINTS FOR GARDENING

and other useful information, will be sent Post Free to any address on application.

ORDERS FROM ONE PERSON \$5 to \$10 allowed
35% discount.

ORDERS FROM ONE PERSON over \$10 allowed
an extra 5% discount.

CLAY'S FERTILIZER.

A High Class Fertilizer for pot plants and for use in the garden generally. It supplies natural nourishment to the soil, and assists the process of assimilation, thereby aiding the plants to attain to their full size, vigour, and beauty.

Sold in tins containing 10lb each \$1.50

Sold in tins containing 25lb each \$4.00

Special quotations for large quantities.

RANSOME'S NEW PARIS
LAWN MOWERS.
\$17.00 EACH.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY.
Hongkong, 15th September, 1892.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Only communications relating to the news columns should be addressed to "The Editor." Correspondents are requested to forward their name and address when sending their communications to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith. All letters for publication must be written on one side of the paper only.

No anonymously signed communications that have appeared in other papers will be inserted.

Only communications that have been received by the Editor before 11 a.m. on the day of publication After that hour the supply is limited.

Teletographic Address Press Telephone No. 12

The Daily Press.

HONGKONG, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1892.

To the enterprise and observation of various members of the British Consular Service foreigners in China are indebted for a large fund of information gleaned in distant journeys prosecuted overland or up rivers, often made under circumstances more trying than agreeable. Such was poor MARBOURY's ill-starred journey from Shanghai overland to Bhamo in 1874, such were some of the late Mr. COLBORN'S travels in Western China. Mr. PARKER's persevering researches in Szechuan were carried on in the teeth of disagreeable surroundings, and lack of every comfort; the same may be said of Mr. HOOTON'S trips in Western China, and of Mr. BOURNE'S journey in the interior. But these travels have helped largely to supplement our knowledge of this great empire, owing to the close observations made and subsequently intelligently recorded in official despatches. Only the other day Mr. PARKER placed on record in this manner his notes of a journey in Annam, including a visit to Hué and reception there by the King of Annam. The latter contribution to this kind of literature is made by a new aspirant to fame, in the person of a young Consular officer stationed at Amoy, who recently accomplished the overland journey from Amoy to Foochow and back. The result of his observations is recorded in report of twenty-five printed pages foolscap size, accompanied by a large map showing the routes traversed. The journey, of course, was neither fraught

with perils nor attended with any very serious hardship, but like all travelling in China much of it was performed under disadvantages both of transport and communication, while the accommodation en route was often of the most repulsive kind. These, however, represent the normal condition of things in every part of the Central Kingdom, and the traveller, before starting on a journey, has to rid his mind of all expectation of comfort or cleanliness until he reaches his destination.

Mr. CLIFFORD tells us he started from Amoy on the 28th November, 1891, and returned there on the 21st December, making the round trip in twenty-three days. The distance by the route travelled to Foochow was 272 miles, the road followed being much more direct. Mr. CLIFFORD remarks at the outset on the bewildering variety of the dialects or vernaculars in Fukien, which increase the difficulties of travelling. He was told by well-informed Chinese that over a hundred mutually unintelligible forms of speech exist within the province, but he thinks that may perhaps be an exaggeration. Quite likely, we imagine! Nevertheless the variety of dialects is certainly most remarkable.

The first place of importance reached after leaving Amoy was Tung An, which he describes as a dirty, crowded, and dusty city, approached by a curious and ancient bridge over the river Tung Au, upon which are huddled two lines of crowded shops. After leaving this city he commenced the ascent of the Tung Liang Pass, and there for the first time he saw the tea plant, not cultivated but growing wild in irregular patches by the roadside. This wild tea is not fit for infusion; it is only used for the extraction of oil from its seeds. The summit of the range was reached at length, and Mr. CLIFFORD calculates the height to be about 3,000 feet. Frost is common at night at that altitude, and, curiously enough, during wet and windy weather tigers are said to be a source of much danger along the road in this part. From Tung Liang the traveller proceeded to make the ascent of the Men Lin pass, nearly as high, amidst beautiful scenery, well wooded, with a good deal of terrace cultivation. In this district he came across a number of returned emigrants from Java, the Malay States, and the Philippines. Nearly every village contained some of these men, who had brought back fortunes, and erected for themselves substantial homes. Their dwellings are, Mr. CLIFFORD says, easily distinguishable by their newness, large size, and elaborate decoration, contrasting strongly with the extreme roughness of the native hovels. A very considerable percentage of the whole population of this part had passed a large part of their lives abroad, and had gained much by doing so. Hot springs were passed in this region, but the water is not hot enough to scald the hand. Some of the hills in this part are infested with tigers, which carry off the pigs and commit other depredations on the live stock. An Chi was the next city reached. It is a small mean town with narrow dark streets, the most prominent building is a large red brick pawnshop, beside which stands an ancient stone memorial arch. Mr. CLIFFORD crossed several fine arched stone bridges. The Chinese appear to expend more money in erecting bridges than any other structures. Mr. PARKER mentions the same characteristics in his travels in Szechuan. The hills grew wider and the ascent more tortuous as our traveller proceeded. The inns were as a rule extremely bad, dirty, and often partly unroofed or leaky, and usually crowded with unsavory guests. The next halting place of any importance was the departmental city of Yung Ch'au. This town is the capital of the two districts of Tokhau and Ta-t'ien, both sparsely inhabited, and consisting wholly of wild and rugged ranges of high mountains. It was in Tokhau that the recent formidable disturbance and severe fighting occurred. Yung Ch'au is a singularly poor place for the chief town of a district. The walls are scarcely a mile in circuit and the busiest street lies outside them by the water's edge. The inn at which the traveller had to put up was in the last stage of dilapidation. One of the walls had fallen and its place was rudely supplied by a piece of ragged matting which failed to keep out a biting wind, and the smell from which was insufferable. Mr. CLIFFORD's appearance there caused some excitement, and comments of a very uncomplimentary kind were to be heard on all sides, and as the salt troubles at Tekhau were not over, he deemed it wiser not to proceed in that direction, so he resolved to go to Hsien Yu, a large city in the prefecture of Hsing Hua. After crossing an undulating table land of varying height, and passing some considerable villages, the traveller climbed Pai Ke Ling, descending thence to the plain of Hsien Yu, by far the largest and most fertile expanse of cultivated land he had met with on the journey. The rich black earth produces heavy crops of all kinds of fruit, grain, and vegetables. The sugar was especially fine; much land was laid out in indigo, and dying vat were to be seen in every village. Crossing the plain for thirteen miles through a succession of large and populous villages, he reached Hsien Yu, a city of 70,000 to 80,000 inhabitants. The walls form a circuit of about four miles, it is well built, the streets are wider and busier than those of most Fukienese towns, the shops are well supplied, and, it is much cleaner and better kept than Amoy. This however, is not saying much, as Amoy is one of the most insanitary cities in the world. Leaving Hsien Yu, the traveller soon reached the hilly region again, meeting on the way a continuous stream of coolies carrying timber to the plain. Here Mr. CLIFFORD paused to remark on the universal employment of men as burden carriers in Fukien, and this in spite of a considerable degree of wealth and a large traffic from place to place. In China, however, as he truly remarks, "the object is not to save labour but to find employment for it." The roads in this part of Fukien, as in all parts of China, show the greatest possible economy of land. The best of them consist of a roughly paved footpath rarely over six feet wide and often not half that width. In some cases it is a mere unpaved track. In these mountainous districts the

people are, Mr. CLIFFORD says, strangely ignorant of the outside world. In one village they had not heard of the disturbances at Tekhau, and they had never seen a foreigner. After passing this village, called Yeh-ma-Liu, the traveller entered a forest district, full of fantastic rocks and impenetrable jungle, in which masses of waving bamboo thirty to forty feet in height added a charm to the scenery which is everywhere magnificent. The culminating point of beauty, however, was often in the most repulsive kind.

Sir Edwin Arnold left Vancouver on the 27th ult. for England. The News reports the author of the "Light of Asia" to have said that he enjoyed his stay in Vancouver very much; that he has been greatly improved, and that it has a great future before it.

To-morrow morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the steam launch "Dawring," carrying the British flag, will call alongside any vessel hoisting code-pennant No. 10, to convey man ashore to 11 a.m. service at St. Peter's (Seaman's) Church, returning about 12.30.

Japanese merchants are pushing Japanese trade abroad with great energy. They are establishing agencies in India, and now we learn from the paper that Mr. B. S. Watson, a well-known Japanese merchant, has just established agencies at Montreal and Toronto.

It is reported that the success of the Massa Linch has attracted attention at Lisieux, and that the French are apparently interested in buying the ship. The paper states that the amount of the tickets and prizes should be increased and the lottery held at Liden. Poor Massa Linch has been sold by the Chinese.

As the return journey was chiefly performed

along the coast of Central and Eastern Asia, the Club has accordingly arranged for the dedication of the Victoria Recreational Club last Saturday on behalf of the Diocesan School and Orphanage amounted to \$4317.

The O. & G. steamer "Golis," with mails, from San Francisco to the 8th inst., has arrived at Yung Liang, and leaves for this port this morning.

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TO LET

TO LET.

NO. 3, LOWER MOSQUE TERRACE.
Apply to CHAN YAU,
No. 1 & 2, Lower Mosque Terrace,
Hongkong, 2nd May, 1892. [1012]

TO LET.

No. 6, WOODLANDS TERRACE (Cor-
ner House).
Apply to LINSTEAD & DAVIS.
Hongkong, 16th September, 1892. [1897]

TO LET.

GODOWNS AT WANCHAI with good water
frontage.
Apply to LINSTEAD & DAVIS.
Hongkong, 17th August, 1892. [1741]

TO LET.

MUSCULUM MAGAZINE GAP.
No. 2, SEYMOUR TERRACE.
No. 4, SEYMOUR TERRACE.
No. 3, PEDDER'S HILL.
No. 4, PEDDER'S HILL.
Apply to DAVID ASSOON, SONS & CO.
Hongkong, 29th September, 1892. [158]

TO LET.

No. 3, WEST TERRACE.
No. 1, QUEEN'S GARDENS.
Apply to G. C. ANDERSON.
13, Praya Central.
Hongkong, 20th September, 1892. [1008]

TO BE LET.

FURNISHED "ROSE VILLAS
WEST," BONHAN & RODINSON
Roads.
"KOWLOON POINT" ROBINSON ROAD.
No. 1, "MOUNTAIN VIEW" from 23rd
SEPTEMBER.
ROOMS on SECOND FLOOR of TELEGRAPH
HOUSE.

ROOMS on PEDDER'S STREET, opposite to
Empress Hotel.
"KOWLOON POINT" in suites or single
rooms, three minutes' walk from Steam Ferry
every quarter of an hour.
"LAND FOR COAL STORAGE" at WEST
POINT, deep water frontage, and at Kowloon
GODOWNS, West.
GODOWNS at KOWLOON POINT.
Apply to SHARP & CO.,
Telegraph House,
Hongkong, 24th August, 1892. [138]

COMMON ROYAL MAGAZINE GAP.
Open to the S.W. Monsoon and protected
from the N.E. by the Fog Layer. Tennis
Lawn. Electric Bell. Water laid on.
TO LET. ONE Commodity 5-roomed House.
Apply to EWENS & BEECH.
Solicitors.
Hongkong, 23rd April, 1891. [141]

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

No. 5, "MOUNTAIN VIEW," PEAK, 5
Gas Rooms.
If Sold part of the purchase money can re-
main on Mortgage.

TO BE LET.

CHAMBERS and SUITES of APART-
MENTS at "WILD DELL BUILDINGS."
Apply to HUMPHREYS ESTATE AND
FIN CO. COMPANY, LIMITED.
Hongkong, 14th July, 1892. [1444]

TO LET.

ASIX ROOMED HOUSE, on Robinson
ROAD.
Apply to X. Y.,
Daily Press Office.
Hongkong, 5th April, 1892. [1821]

TO LET.

From 1st JULY.
No. 5, UPPER MOSQUE TERRACE.
Corner house. Splendid view of Harbour,
and in a cool and airy situation.
Apply to ALFRED J. MAY,
Victoria College,
or No. 4, Upper Mosque Terrace,
Hongkong, 22d July, 1892. [1247]

TO LET.

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.
THIE Large Household SHOP, No. 24,
QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL, lately occupied
by Davis, son of China, Limited, and also 2
large airy ROOMS on the top of above.

DAKIN CRUICKSHANK & CO., LTD.,
Victor Dispensary.
Hongkong, 3rd August, 1892. [163]

TO LET.

No. 16, KNOTFIELD TERRACE, KOW-
LOON, End House.
Apply to THE HONGKONG LAND INVEST-
MENT & AGENCY CO., LTD.
Hongkong, 20th July, 1892. [1038]

TO LET.

FOR WINTER MONTHS OR LONGER,
PARTLY FURNISHED.
BLUE BUNGALOW, ALBANY ROAD.
Apply to C. VIVIAN LADDOS.
Hongkong, 16th September, 1892. [1937]

TO LET.

LARGE SIX ROOMED HOUSE at MAGA-
ZINE GAP. Rent inclusive of taxes \$35
per month.
No. 4, BLUE BUILDINGS.
1ST FLOOR NO. 1, BLUE BUILDINGS.
OFFICES SECOND FLOOR, PLATA
CENTRAL (lately occupied by Messrs. Dunn,
Molby & Co.).

GODOWN, No. 1a, BLUE BUILDINGS.
SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES, at MAGA-
ZINE GAP.

No. 2 and 3, STAUNTON STREET (Cor-
ner of the Old Bailey).

FIR FLOOR NO. 22, ELGIN STREET.
Apply to THE HONGKONG LAND INVEST-
MENT & AGENCY CO., LTD.
Hongkong, 5th September, 1892. [1239]

PRIVATE BOARD AND RE-DENSE,
"GLENEALY BUILDINGS"
(Nos. 12 and 14, WINDHAM STREET).

MRS. GILLAN, I.P.C.S. has Vacancies for
RESIDENT BOARDERS AND VISIT-
ORS also Accommodation for Table Boarders.
Hongkong, 5th July, 1892. [1357]

BOARD AND RESIDENCE,
"COMFORTABLY FURNISHED ROOMS,
With Board."

Apply to Mrs. MATHER,
3, Pedder's Hill,
Hongkong, 1st January, 1892. [175]

WANTED:
FROM 1ST DECEMBER.

AFIVE or SIX-ROOMED HOUSE, not
below A.M. Road level.
Particulars to be sent to O. B.,
Daily Press Office.
Hongkong, 20th September, 1892. [1932]

APO. No. 1, HOTEL 14, 15 & 16, 18 &
19, His and her collection of
VIEWS, some NEW SCENES and Pictures
of NATIVE TYP. copies of which are obtainable
in his studio at Messrs. KELLY & WALSH's.

VERY MINUTELY of Superior Quality and
of Excellent and High Finish. PERMANENT
ENLARGEMENTS of PHOTOS and VIEWS and
reproductions of the same on Paper, Canvas, or
OIL.

INSTANTANEOUS Photos and POR-
TRAITS are taken in any state of the weather,
and all Personal Processes, are executed on
Moderate Terms.

STUDIO—ICE HOUSE LANE. [84]

NOTICES OF FIRMS

S.S. "PASIG"

THE Undersigned has been appointed
Agent for this ship.
For Freight apply to W. MELCHERS,
Canton, 24th August, 1892. [1868]

SCOTTISH ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP
COMPANY (LIMITED)

IHE Undersigned have been appointed
AGENTS for the Company in Hongkong
in place of the late G. T. Hopkins,
DODWELL, CARILLI & CO.,
Agents.

Hongkong, 5th September, 1892. [1870]

WANTED.

ONE or TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS
for six months on good security and high
interest.

For Freight apply to B. C.,
Office of this Paper.

Hongkong, 10th September, 1892. [1903]

S. I. E. N. T. I. N. G.

SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 10, L'AGUILAR STREET.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

Consultation Free.

Hongkong, 20th September, 1892. [1900]

D. R. K. N. O. R. B. S.
LION BRAND
A. N. T. I. P. R. I. N. E.

(Does for Adults 15 to 35 grains troy.)

Is the most approved and most efficacious
remedy in cases of HEADACHE, MIGRAINE,
NEURALGIA, RHUMATIC FEVER,
TYP. US., INFLUENZA, DENGUE,
ERYSPHELA, HOOPING COUGH,
and other diseases of the Chest and Heart.
Especially recommended by the Medical
Faculty. Ask for Dr. KNORR'S AN-
TIPIRIN! Each Tin bears the inventor's
signature "Dr. KNORR" and letters.

"DEMATOC" is the best Veterinary; its
effect in stimulating the closing up of Wounds
is described as amazing.

To be had at every repeated Chemist and
Druggist.

Supplies constantly on hand at the China Ex-
port, Import, and Bank Co.—Sole Agents for
China.

Beware of冒牌 imitation! [2722]

SHANGHAI VIA AMoy.

SHANGHAI

MANILA VIA AMoy.

TAIWONG

[1870]

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

MUNICH BEER.

LOWEN BRAU.

FOR SALE.

EDUARD SCHELLHAAS & CO.

Solo Agents.

Hongkong, 16th July, 1892. [1822]

FOR SALE.

THE COMPAGNIE DES MESSEURIES
MARITIMES.

FOR HAIPHONG

(Taking Passengers for Haiphong and Cargo
to Toulouk and Quinhon).

THE Company's Steamship

"HAIPHONG."

Captain Gallot, will leave for the above Ports
TO-DAY, the 24th inst., at NOON.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

DODWELL, CARILLI & CO.,
Agents.

Hongkong, 12th September, 1892. [1869]

INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR SINGAPORE PENANG, AND
CALCUTTA.

THE Company's Steamship

Captain Bartlett, will be despatched as above
TO-DAY, the 24th inst., at NOON.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hongkong, 20th September, 1892. [1872]

FOR SALE.

THE SCOTTISH ORIENTAL STEAM-
SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE Company's Steamer

"KONG DENG."

Captain J. Jackson, will be despatched for the
above Port TO-MORROW, the 25th inst., at 12 M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

YUEN FAT HONG,

Agents.

Hongkong, 21st September, 1892. [1874]

FOR SALE.

THE SCOTTISH ORIENTAL STEAM-
SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE Company's Steamer

"ACHILLES."

Captain Bartlett, will be despatched as above
TO-DAY, the 24th inst.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hongkong, 20th September, 1892. [1870]

FOR SALE.

THE CHINESE NAVIGATION COMPANY.

FOR SHANGHAI VIA SUEZ CANAL

THE Company's Steamship

"MEMNON."

Captain Brinsford, will be despatched as above
TO-DAY, the 24th inst., at NOON.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.

Hongkong, 21st September, 1892. [1868]

FOR SALE.

THE CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY.

FOR PORT DARWIN, QUEENSLAND
PORTS, SYDNEY, AND MELBOURNE.

THE Company's Steamship

"TAIYUAN."

Captain W. N. M. Udny, will leave for the above
places on THURSDAY, the 27th inst., at NOON.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

H. H. JOSEPH,
Superintendent.

Hongkong, 21st September, 1892. [1869]

FOR SALE.

THE CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY.

FOR SHANGHAI MARU.

The Company's Steamship

"HOSHIMA MARU"

will be despatched above on SATURDAY,
the 15th October.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

G. B. STEVENS,
Agent.

Hongkong, 23rd September, 1892. [1868]

FOR SALE.

THE CHINA MUTUAL STEAM NAVI-
GATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR LIVERPOOL, QUEENSLAND
PORTS, SYDNEY, AND MELBOURNE.

THE Company's Steamship

"HONOLULU."

Captain H. Witte, will be despatched above
on

WILLOUGHBY'S GROOM.

It was a still September morning, not very light yet, and a thin blue haze lay over the face of all things. Willoughby had just finished stableing his horses after returning from a card party. The ride had not been long enough to set as a tonic, and he was still weary with whisky and want of sleep, so he went stumbling along through the stickyards.

Suddenly, with all the speed of a military projectile, a black figure shot down through the slope of a small stock in full career, just as his feet hit the bushes, the hands of this apparition were all black, and its smile, though it be pleasant, looked like a ghastly grin through the mist.

"Oh, the Devil!" cried Simpson Willoughby, in a tippy fright, and proceeded to bolt for the house.

"Hi, master, hi!" shouted the putative Devil.

The sound of a human, unmistakably human, voice Willoughby to himself.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered, as he strode to the black shape. "Who are you? Why do you stand grinning there? Don't you know I could have you up before the magistrate for this?"

"Not much good, sir. Nothing to get out of me, sir. I'm only a poor sweep as took out at once."

Then Mr. Willoughby strode off again. But he had a tender heart, and something in the man's face and attitude had touched it.

"Hi, you sweep!" he suddenly shouted, turning back for a straw.

"I sweep to clean!" Clear off the premises at once!"

"No, sir, with me."

Mr. Willoughby led the way to the kitchen door, his housekeeper was up and moving about.

"Here, Mrs. Clark, we've brought you a sweep; you said yesterday the chimneys wanted sweeping. Give him a good breakfast—then sent him to work."

"Thank you, sir," said the sweep, then to Mrs. Clark, with a bumble intuition. "Fine morning."

Mr. Willoughby went to his bed-room, kicked off his boots, and drawing a rug over his limbs, lay down on the bed and slept. It was a tall, broad man, with a dark face, and containing some traces of early redness. His youth had passed, but he was still very erectly known, and seemed as an artist, others said, as a soldier—all agreed he had commanded his estates in honest living. When his father died, and he came to settle at Holt Hill, he came with a bold reputation. As he was forty, and did not marry, the bad reputation rapidly grew.

He had some faults; it is true; he played cards freely, drank heavily, and had a万恶的 people had shamed him from him; the young ladies admired him and trembled; the rough men said he was much maligned.

When he woke the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold bath and then a good breakfast. "Good morning, the sweep," said he, forthwith, taking a dressing-room.

"All the same, sir. How are you getting on?"

"Tom Sampson's my name, sir. Getting on very nicely, thank you, sir."

"Are those all the tools you have?"—pointing contemptuously at a brush and a few rods lying about.

"Yes, sir."

"But they won't go to the top, surely?"

"Yes, sir, they will."

"How?"

"I shall go up the chimney after them."

"But you might stick."

"No, sir, in a good, old-fashioned chimney like this. Besides, if I did, what master, sir? It's all in a day's work."

Mr. Willoughby turned away. The soft spot in his heart was touched again.

He went out and strolled around the place, in the garden, the fold-yard, the stable. Then it occurred to him that he wanted a groom, a groom who would not object to do a little housework, to sit up for him at night, to act occasionally as a valet, and other capacities. He hurried to the sweep, and found him in one of the bedrooms hard at work, and singing softly to himself.

"How, Mr. Swain?"

"Well, then, Tom Sampson! Would you like to come down?"

"I like it, sir."

"Take a situation, I mean."

"As my groom and man-of-all-work. Do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, sir; I was bred for a jockey."

"Good."

"I had to give it up, sir. Couldn't train dogs quickly enough, a very bad job for me, sir."

"Very, but stick to the point. Do you feel inclined to settle down here in my service?"

"If I have no master, sir."

"I suppose you can't bring any testimonials to characterize?"

"Affair, sir. Don't know any respectable people. I'm only a travelling sweep, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Take me on month on trial, sir."

"Very good; a month's trial. Consider your self engaged fifteen shillings a week, with keep."

"Will that do?"

"Yes, sir; thank you."

"And now go on with the chimneys, only no more than mind you. I'll get and arrange with Mrs. Clark."

And so Tom Sampson settled down. He had been a jockey and then a vagrant sweep, his autodidacts were not reassuring; but clean clothes, regular diet and regular employments formed him, and perhaps the feeling that he was trusted helped him. Tom, his master, was long stay man? Who would dare to think of him being led into the game and danger on thought being in the middle of his spoon-laden plate?

"Hello, Sampson, Mr. Willoughby wants his tip. It's 3 o'clock; they're all gone."

Tom got his horse in and drove round to the front. There was his master talking excitedly among the other guests; they helped him up into the dog-cart, and then with many good words, Tom, in his request, his stories, his past, and his straightforward ways, had rendered him a favorite. The men talked and smoked. Then last Tom was the only one awake, he was thinking of his master. What a long stay man? Who would dare to think of him being led into the game and danger on thought being in the middle of his spoon-laden plate?

"Hello, Tom, you might as well have another drink, sir," said his master, and to down to town.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Why not? You must have drunk heavily in your time—eh?"

"I have, sir; but never again."

"How's that?"

"Bad example, sir, to others."

In this way the worthy fellow strove to lead him into the right direction, not without some result:

"You have been here a year, now, Tom," said Willoughby one day. "Haven't you found a pretty girl to marry yet?"

"No, sir. I don't intend marrying at present."

"What's that?"

Willoughby laughed aloud; but from that day he understood Tom perfectly.

"He wishes to reform me," he would sometimes say to himself; "and perhaps the girls will wait for me."

"Who knows?"

"I shall want the brown man up-to-morrow," he said to himself. "I'm going to Mr. Ferguson's."

"Well, have the dog-cart and you shall drive me, as my ankle is still weak." He had sprained it about a month before.

"None of them carding-parties, I hope, sir," said Tom.

"Shut the door and sit down."

"Look here, Tom, you forget yourself. What is it to you whether I play cards or not?"

"I'm sorry to offend, sir. You've been very kind to me, but I can't help speaking out, and I don't like to see you wasting your money."

"know, sir, you have told me as how you lost some money."

"But I win sometimes."

Tom looked at the floor and said nothing.

There was a long pause. Willoughby puffed hard at his pipe; suddenly he broke out with the wet blood; he knelt on the road, and the movement of his head against his knees, his eyes, his mouth, was much against him. He was struggling to speak.

"Master," he cried faintly, "have you got the notes?"

"Yes."

"Then the farm is safe—remember the promise—master?"

"Well, Tom, there are a good many mortgages at my farm, and the mortgagees will want their interest in a month's time. If they don't get it they will sell me up. I have not the money."

"Do you understand why I am going to play cards to-morrow?"

Tom looked at his master sympathetically, but did not speak.

"It's not all in fault," he went on. "I had the money in the bank at the beginning of the

year; but a relative borrowed £200 to set up in business, and—"

"You must have worn the colour of that man, sir?"

"Exactly so."

"I'm right down sorry to hear it, sir. But is there no way except his card-playing?"

"I'm afraid not. The ride had not been long enough to set as a tonic, and he was still weary with whisky and want of sleep, so he went stumbling along through the stickyards."

Suddenly, with all the speed of a military projectile, a black figure shot down through the slope of a small stock in full career, just as his feet hit the bushes, the hands of this apparition were all black, and its smile, though it be pleasant, looked like a ghastly grin through the mist.

"The Devil!" cried Simpson Willoughby, in a tippy fright, and proceeded to bolt for the house.

"Hi, master, hi!" shouted the putative Devil.

The sound of a human, unmistakably human, voice Willoughby to himself.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered, as he strode to the black shape. "Who are you? Why do you stand grinning there? Don't you know I could have you up before the magistrate for this?"

"Not much good, sir. Nothing to get out of me, sir. I'm only a poor sweep as took out at once."

Then Mr. Willoughby strode off again. But he had a tender heart, and something in the man's face and attitude had touched it.

"Hi, you sweep!" he suddenly shouted, turning back for a straw.

"I sweep to clean!" Clear off the premises at once!"

"No, sir, with me."

Mr. Willoughby led the way to the kitchen door, his housekeeper was up and moving about.

"Here, Mrs. Clark, we've brought you a sweep; you said yesterday the chimneys wanted sweeping. Give him a good breakfast—then sent him to work."

"Thank you, sir," said the sweep, then to Mrs. Clark, with a bumble intuition. "Fine morning."

Mr. Willoughby went to his bed-room, kicked off his boots, and drawing a rug over his limbs, lay down on the bed and slept. It was a tall, broad man, with a dark face, and containing some traces of early redness. His youth had passed, but he was still very erectly known, and seemed as an artist, others said, as a soldier—all agreed he had commanded his estates in honest living. When his father died, and he came to settle at Holt Hill, he came with a bold reputation. As he was forty, and did not marry, the bad reputation rapidly grew.

He had some faults; it is true; he played cards freely, drank heavily, and had a万恶的 people had shamed him from him; the young ladies admired him and trembled; the rough men said he was much maligned.

When he woke the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold bath and then a good breakfast. "Good morning, the sweep," said he, forthwith, taking a dressing-room.

"All the same, sir. How are you getting on?"

"Tom Sampson's my name, sir. Getting on very nicely, thank you, sir."

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A STORY OF INCIDENT, MYSTERY, AND ROMANCE.

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THE GREENMONIES," "BLACK BLOOD,"
"THE LAST THAT LOVED A
SOLDIER," "A MINT OF
MONEY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

The day passed slowly.

Anderson was full smiles and good humour, striving in every way to make the hours as agreeable as possible. He was the task of making the fire and getting together his traps, so that he might make time for his own pleasure. He was continually starting topics for conversation, and nothing so delighted him more than to hear his friend talking towards "Hester" to her trouble, for she shrank from him as though he were a serpent.

"The latter set off at last, and I went on fighting my way through the snow. It was now dark, and for hours this went on.

Every now and then, when he felt as if he must stop, he got up and went to the window to look out, his prettily smiling making him think that a display of courage would be an agreeable disconcertions towards one who was striving his best to alleviate the monotony of the long march.

At such times as he went to look out, Hester rose and followed him to pass out too.

"Nature, alarms and all," said Anderson to himself. "Well, I like her better for it. She cannot really care for that man."

"Do you see anything of them, pap?" Hester ventured to say on one occasion.

"I have seen nothing," replied the old man, paternally. "You have eyes in your head—but eyes that shine—is there a gnat of anybody in this cursed waste of snow?"

"No, pap."

"Then why in the name of common-sense did you ask me?"

"I told you, and Anderson to himself, and Hester in a conspiratorial look at Hester, which made her shrink.

"I haven't been so hungry since I was up in the hills," continued the Colonel. "The supply wagon went over a precipice into a gorge. It was during the Askanian expedition."

"Where you were hurt, pap?"

"Now, my dear child, I know I was hurt, though you don't know it."

"Yes, pap," she said weakly, and she looked so pitifully in his face that he passed his arm round her, and they stood gazing into each other's eyes.

"Hester, lay your hand upon his arm and watching Anderson, who stepped into the glowing light, took the hot water from the stove, stepped into the darkness again, and there was a curious chinkling of glass.

"There, Colonel Denton," he said, "put one in mind of your little kettle, Hetty, with the spirit lamp. But there's no afternoon tea this time, my dear child."

"I shall enjoy it all the more next time, pap," said Hester, laying her hand upon his arm and watching Anderson, who stepped into the glowing light, took the hot water from the stove, stepped into the darkness again, and there was a curious chinkling of glass.

"The Colonel Denton," he said, "that's the best I can do. No supper, and we are more than miles from a lesson. Still it is better than nothing."

"Very good of you, Mr. Anderson, very good indeed," said Hester, smiling. "But worse, sir, if this had been the hot water, sugar and lemon, and no brandy, sir!"

"For worse. And now, Miss Denton," continued Anderson, "I have ventured to bring you this."

"Oh, no, thank you," she exclaimed.

"Excuse me, it will be the last of pronouncing your name before your rest."

"It is not a bad name, I suppose," said Anderson.

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